TO KILL OFF JAPS

News of a Murderous Plot Among American Chinamen.

A Wicked Legend on Red Placards—No One Knows Exactly What It Means Yet, But It May Mean Blood.

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THE Chinamen in America are filled with patriotism. They have become imbued with a hatred for the Japanese that could scarcely be stronger if they were in the midst of the big war over in Asia. In New York and San Francisco, which have big Chinese populations, this threatens to develop into something serious. There is even good reason for believing that murder may be done, and done by those peculiarly Mongolian but scarcely Celestial methods for which the Chinese are celebrated. For several days Chinatown in New York has been peppered by little red placards, and the order for their distribution came by mail from San Francisco, where they had already been plentifully sprinkled.

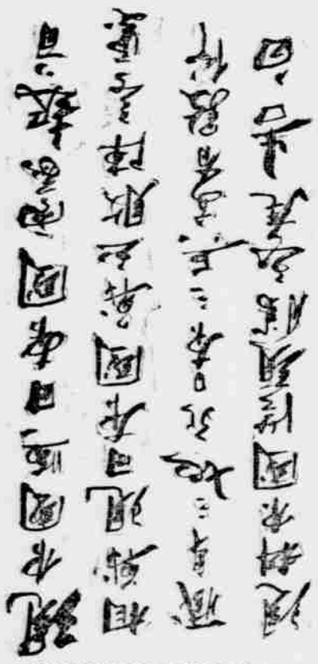
Freely translated they read:

DOWN WITH THE
JAPANESE.
DEATH
TO THE
DOGS!

It is curious to note that so little were the Chinese affiliated with other peoples, and so little have differing nationalities associated with them, that, barring the outrageous outcasts of both sexes who herd with the yellow men because they love opium or other of the villainous vices for which the Chinese alone have instincts low enough, there are scarcely a dozen whites in New York who can read them. And in all Chinatown there is no Chinaman progressive enough in his ideas or orderly enough in his observance of the law of the land to notify the police of what message the sanguinary bits of paper tell.

The first day the placards were posted each one formed the center of an excited crowd of pig-tailed readers. In the rear of the tea store kept by Wong Sing on Pell street, a meeting was held that afternoon and nearly all the Chinamen in the settlement were there. No one except those present knows exactly what was decided upon at that meeting, but the person who informed the writer of the meeting of the placards knows enough about it to be thoroughly alarmed, and her latent instincts of right and wrong were so aroused that she came posthaste to the writer's office so that through him a warning might be given to those whom she believed were in no less than mortal danger.

It probably will not be uninteresting to tell at this point that poor girl's



FAC-SIMILE OF THE RED PLACARD.

story. It illustrates very vividly the vileness of the ordinary Chinaman. Four years ago she was the pretty daughter of an honest clerk. She was a regular attendant at a certain New New York church and became much interested in its mission work.

Among other of its charitable enterprises was work among the Chinamen. There is a mission in Chinatown, but she was not connected with that. She was one of a band of young people of both sexes who simply did what they could to try to lead the Celestial soul away from Confucius and toward Christianity. Many New York churches have classes devoted to Chinese pupils in their Sunday schools, and there all are taught by young women. Many times the newspapers have come out in denunciation of these Chinese Sunday school classes, and from time to time they have had good reasons for their complaints. Not only have several well-meaning and mistaken white girls made unhappy and revolting marriages with Chinese with whom they became acquainted in the churches, but worse than marriage has frequently occurred. The particular girl of whom I write was a kind of recruiting agent for one of these Sunday-school classes. With others she went down into Chinatown to try and find converts. For a year she kept that work up. By that time she had become familiar with Chinese life, and familiarity bred not contempt, but blindness to many of its worst features.

Chinatown in New York is made up not even of the best class of Chinamen. The industrious Chinamen are scattered throughout the city, Brooklyn and New Jersey at their laundries, and only go to Chinatown when they wish to buy peculiar Chinese supplies or to indulge in native "fun." They rarely go there unless they have money. For that reason the few streets running out of Chatham square, which have become known as the Chinese quarter, are inhabited mostly by sharks and thieves. There are a few big Chinese merchants there, but there are more ways of spending money illegitimately in Chinatown than there are of spending it legitimately. First among these come of course the opium dens. Then the fan tan joints. Fan tan is a kind of Chinese poker, and the police are forever raiding dark, dirty little rooms in which Chinamen congregate in the midst of a stifling opium atmosphere to gamble away in one night the price of many clean shirts and spotless collars.

Among these vicious places a sort of freemasonry of crime exists. Robbery, assault and even murder are almost common. This is little heard of by the outside world, first because nobody cares very much whether a yellow skinned heathen is robbed, or assaulted, or killed, or not, and second because the Chinese in America are so closely bound together in their outlandish ways that they will not com-

READING THE PLACARD.

plain about each other to the white police. In each city where there is any considerable Chinese population there is also a local Chinese government, to which the pigtailed parties will take their complaints every time in preference to the American police or courts. In New York there is even a Chinese mayor whose power over the residents of Chinatown is very great. In this way it occurs that many heinous crimes are committed down in Mott and Pell streets of which Superintendent of Police Byrnes knows nothing, even of the doings of the Highbinders society—probably the most extensive and most carefully organized association of murderers in the world.

The highbinders have been much written about, but it is necessary to state that they are probably under the patronage of the Six Companies itself and that to the Six Companies nearly every Chinaman in America owes everything but his life. This great commercial and general supervising organization has its headquarters in China, and it pays the passage or otherwise secures the gratitude of nearly every Chinaman coming to America. It absolutely controls the supplies, food and otherwise of all the Chinamen in the United States and Canada, and, more important than this, it attends to the transportation back to China of the bones of all Chinamen dying in the United States. Unless this kind office is performed no Chinese soul can go to Chinese paradise. The highbinders commit murder with impunity. Any Chinaman who transgresses the laws of the Six Companies is likely to be stabbed in the back and stabbed hard. He knows this, so he does not take chances. The highbinders will also contract to kill off almost any Chinaman at bargain counter rates.

Well, in the midst of all this vileness of thieving and blood spilling, one other crime goes merrily on. It is the procuring of white girls for Chinese companionship. Insiduous efforts in this direction are constantly carried on. Once a girl is spotted as being likely to yield to the Chinese idea, no effort, no patience, no villainy is neglected to accomplish the end. It was into such surroundings as these that the poor girl, who is my informant, fell during her missionary work. How she came to smoke her first pipe of opium she scarcely knows herself, but she knows that she did it at the solicitation of a Chinese "Christian" whom she had converted, or thought she had. She had confidence in his professions, and she fell

I first met her in a refuge for women of the class to which she had descended. She was making an effort to reform. It was love for the drug that dragged her back. Since then she has been traveling the old road with more rapid feet than ever. For a long time she was the belle of the colony of white girls in Chinatown. The marks of dissipation have long made that doubtful honor impossible, however. She has fallen pretty low. But she has not lost all her sense of right, for she was the only person in all Chinatown to call the attention of the outside public to this plot against the Japanese, which has lately developed.

The details of the plot she does not know. She brought a copy of the proclamation to the office with her, and a facsimile and translation of it are herewith printed. It appears in the original on blood-red paper, of about the size of two ordinary laundry checks, and that it has been circulated in large numbers and from some well-organized head is shown by the fact that they were printed from type instead of being written with a brush as is customary with most Chinese documents.

The Chinese consul in New York, Mr. Hsu Nai Kwang, very naturally knows nothing about the matter. Even if the order of the affair came from Chinese officialdom direct, the American consuls would not be likely to be notified. There would be too much risk about a proceeding of that sort, although a consul would obey any orders he might receive from the home government, no matter what they were. The home government has a persuasive little way of cutting off the heads of foreign consuls who do not obey orders when they return to China, and no man can run away—he must return. There are two very good reasons to make him fail to shirk responsibility in that way. It would not save his life to remain away from China, for he would be spotted by official murderers in this country and would be sure to come to grief, and, besides losing his own head on foreign soil, being given an inglorious burial, and thus being shut out from Paradise after death, all the members of his family in China would be decapitated as well if he failed to return and take his own punishment in the prescribed way. Family affection is very strong among the Chinese, and the Chinese religion has some curious kinks concerning this very question, so that only two cases of men who have tried to run away from punishment of this kind are known to Chinese tradition in New York. But despite the fact that the consul would undoubtedly execute any order that might be given to him, it is not likely that they would be notified of any such plan as this even if it were officially decided upon. For the Chinese government is too shrewd to run the risk of international complications which such a course would be likely to entail, and would much prefer to place the whole matter in the hands of the Highbinders, an organization planned with just such objects in view and so well prepared to execute them that no one else could possibly do the work so well.

After the Chinese, the persons most deeply interested in this little red proclamation are, of course, the Japanese. Mr. Hashiguchi, who is the Japanese consul in New York, was notified of the matter by a representative of the press. Mr. Hashiguchi had little to say. He was inclined to doubt that any effort would or could be made to carry out any systematic plan of assassination of Japanese in this country. He feels certain that the laws of this country and the machinery for enforcing them are so perfect that nothing of the sort will be attempted. He does not believe that even the Chinese would do anything so desperate and so silly.

But desperate, or silly, or not, there remains the fact that those little red posters are stuck up and down in Chinatown, and that there is not a pigtailed heathen in all that wretched nest of rookeries who does not know what they mean. It is also true that of all the criminals in this country the Chinese are the most crafty and most dangerous. EDWARD MARSHALL.

Young Moore's Eminence.

New York is probably the only place in the country where young men can grow famous easily. The city is now full of youthful greatness in fields political, social and professional. In other cities fame comes only after years of patient and hard work. D. McFarlan Moore is one of the latest of the youths to make a hit. He is now the rival of another famous young fellow in the same field of endeavor, Nikola Tesla. Moore is a trifle younger than Tesla and the two are at present running a race in the matter of electrical discovery. Both are working along the same lines and their rivalry is attracting great attention.

D. M'FARLAN MOORE.

Moore conducted for the government the remarkable series of electrical experiments with the Minatonomoh that established a new principle with reference to the equipment of men-of-war. He is a little better known among electricians in France and England than he is in his native America, although very recently his original ideas have been widely discussed. The success of Moore and Tesla demonstrates the preeminence of electrical science as the future fortune making field. It has displaced railroading as the realm of possibility for the ambitious.

A Hairbreadth Escape.

In his recently-published memoirs, Gen. Marbot, who took part in nearly every one of Napoleon's campaigns, describes a terrible plight in which he once found himself, and relates how he managed to extricate himself by an almost incredible display of moral and physical energy. He was charging the Austrians at the head of numerous squadrons when his horse was killed under him and fell, dragging him down in its fall. All our cavalry passed over him without touching him, which is not surprising, as a horse, unless wounded or tired out, generally avoids treading on human bodies. He began to think he was safe, when he perceived our regiments returning at full gallop, pursued in their turn by the full strength of a division of Uhlans. Gen. Marbot saw clearly that if he did not contrive to keep pace, on foot, with our horsemen, he would be cut down without mercy. The thought of certain death increased his strength a hundredfold. He held up his hands, which were grasped by two cuirassiers, who, dragging him along by giant strides between their horses, conveyed him at length to a place of safety.—La Chronique.

Not a Man.

Little Dot—Who was it that first said "Beauty is only skin deep?"

Little Dick—I never heard her name. —Good News.

ANOTHER BOSS CROKER.

—Life.

With a Thud.

Mistress—You broke my Sevres plate. You are discharged. How did you break it?

Servant—I carelessly dropped one of the biscuits you made yesterday on it. —Town Topics.

ALWAYS KNEW IT

The Fresh Autumn Garb of the Lucky Girl Who Knows.

Her Hats, Coats and Gowns—How She Chooses the Fashions from the Freaks Which Fade—Everybody Knows the Difference Sometime.

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In these brisk days of red October, the Girl Who Knows wears—among other things—a seraphic smile. By the time the leaves have fallen every girl will know, and though there will not then be lacking comfort in big buttons and plaid lined capes and little collars loose sleeves and a deep hood, ermine lined.

This is not the girl's only innovation in that part of her wardrobe which is kept for private rejoicings. No wonder the girl's self-satisfaction is so radiant; it starts even from her body linen. The girl doesn't wear tights, in spite of the newspapers; she never did so. But she does wear a close-fitting, finely knit, white or cream silk combination garment, knotted with ribbons about her shoulders and coming to her ankles. Over this comes the corset with its edgings of dainty lace or embroideries at top and bottom and the taffeta petticoat with its black lace flounces and rosettes of ribbons.

A LARGE HAT AND A TOQUE.

When the girl has gotten about thus far in her dressing she pulls on her black silk stockings, tucks her toes into black satin slippers with an edge of ermine, and gets into the

THE MATINEE GIRL.

ermine-trimmed dressing gown. Then she sits down in front of her mirror and considers prayerfully the new fashion in hair. That new fashion suits after all so few. It's all very well for Della Fox, for everybody hasn't Della Fox's broad, low brow. It's all very well for Mrs. Kendal, but, much as we admire her, we wouldn't many of us like to resemble that irreproachable matron.

So the girl compromises. She picks up her comb, and, after a bit of hesitation, tries the effect of the wide, straight parting, which fashion now decrees. It's not unbecoming, and she goes a little farther, drawing the smooth bands, grandmother, down over the tips of her ears. She sits long and looks at this. She don't like it, but it's the altogether

A STREET AND A TEA GOWN.

separate for each of her dresses not otherwise collared. For her black gowns the throat bands are madly extravagant of make and of color, pale blue silk or white velvet or rose pink satin with its diamond buttons or its jet buckles or, yes, with its fur tails—scout at the idea if you choose—making the sober frock a thing of unequaled smartness and vivacity. Verily, great is the throat band.

The girl who knows wears in her dressing room, while she plans her toilets or combs her hair, a long, loose robe somewhat more primitive than a tea gown, more elaborate than a bath robe. This dressing gown—and yet 'tis too pretty to call it that—is made of blue or pink or white crepon. If pink or blue, the material is unfigured, if white, it has a flower pattern in delicate tones. It turns back in broad revers from throat to waist and the revers are faced in ermine. It has a silk cord girdle to gather up its loose folds, and about the bottom it has a deep band of ermine. It has long, of mink tails with white lace and bright ribbons cunningly knotted in with fur, yet that perfect peace which passes all masculine understanding comes only to the girl who knows first and best, and airs her knowledge serenely before the faces of other girls who are yet asking and wondering and trying to make up their minds.

For many fashions are called, but few are chosen, and it is by an inscrutable instinct that the girl who knows picks a winner without wasting time, money and good looks on styles that after opening day will be left behind.

The girl who knows is wearing, when she shows herself in the street and shop these afternoons, a dull rust red and dark green combination that makes her look like the goddess of autumn out hunting bargains. Irish frieze cloth is the stuff of it, the newest material by the way—and here comes in one of the girl's triumphs—that the season has to display. Frieze used to be too heavy, you know, for wearing, but now it's woven light enough for the girl to be the picture of grace and triumph as she stands clothed in it, buying white asters at a street stand.

Dull red is the body of her dress, and the green appears in the deep velvet collar, cut into tongues about shoulders and back like the fur tails it parodies. The green appears again in cuffs at the wrists, in the velvet belt with big perpendicular bows, and in the two great velvet knots on the front of the skirt, near the bottom. A yoke of cream lace softens and lightens the bodice, and as the girl turns and looks at you in reply to your staring, you have a fine view of her rather eccentric hat, plaited of narrow green silk braid and trimmed with a garland of loose rust red chrysanthemums.

This is all of the girl's costume except her green gloves and yes, her throat band. But the girl's throat band is, after all, the most important part of her gown. It rises from the broad collar I spoke of before and like it is made of green velvet. It has a rosette in front with a paste buckle and on either side of the neck it stretches into high fan-shaped ear pieces, thrust through with glittering little stick pins.

The throat band of this dress is a part of the collar, but the girl has one

correct thing, and what is she to do? No amount of brushing and "bringing out the gloss" can reconcile her to the new order, plain banding, so in a moment of desperation she keeps the substance, but throws overboard the show. She curls her front hair, throwing it all into a wavy fluff to which for years she has been used. Then instead of piling it back as aforetime, she pulls it down a la the autumn's mode, and it "really" looks, so she thinks, quite quaint and pretty, rippling over her ears. She pulls some little curls out about her forehead—another defiance of fashion—and then puts on her matinee gown, fairly well pleased.

Rightly enough, the girl makes herself very smart for the matinee. The audience is mostly feminine, but then if it were not, it wouldn't be so critical. Her fresh little frock for this most simple and innocent of latter day functions is a brown cloth skirt with folds of deeper brown velvet for trimming. Her coat is of much heavier cloth of precisely the same shade as the skirt with embroidery, velvet and narrow fur bands to make it fine. A dazzling dash of scarlet in her brown hat marks her to the occupants of all the orchestra chairs as precisely what she is, the girl who knows.

Of the scores and fifties of new purples and magentas, the girl is justly shy. Not one in a dozen of them suits one woman in a hundred, and so the girl looks at them in the shop windows and walks by. They infest the millinery particularly, and six shades of purple in one hat only illustrates what fashion can do without half trying. There's a lot of velvet headgear, too, that's distressingly heavy, but more, fortunately, that's conceived with a better regard to the everlasting fitness of things. In what are called velvet hats the velvet confines itself mostly to the crown or a part of the brim, lace or jet making the heavier stuff forget the season. The girl's theater or concert toque is a bit of gold lace as large, or as small, as the palm of her hand, with a miniature picket fence of jet standing up in front and a queer ear piece of black velvet sticking up and out on each side.

A toque for either day or evening wear is of white velvet resting on black velvet folds and caught at the side with bows of black ribbon, from which rises an osprey and round which is twisted a sable tail.

The girl makes calls industriously at this time of year; she has new dresses and no other way to air them, for the winter frolics have not begun. One of the most instructive of her calling dresses—no, I'm not going to apologize for the adjective—is of blue cloth, braided with blue and black; you must notice in the picture the season's whims in the laying on of the braid. The skirt has a picturesque overdress effect and the back is laid in three folds. The waist is blocked in blue and reseda, and the front gives a blouse effect, with a blue corded plastron, finished with big silver buttons. It fastens over a girdle.

A tea gown that's worth a word is fashioned of soft, cream-colored camel's hair, with a belted waist. A wide Watteau falls from a yoke of cream lace. Ecru lace trims the waist and sleeves, which are finished with brown feather ruching. A wide bow and long ends of cream silk, finished with a fringe of beads, fall from the neck and give the robe a peculiar individuality. This is another of the girl's new possessions, and not the least envied.

UNIQUE PROFESSORSHIPS.

Not All the Learning in the Land Is Housed in Colleges.

Nowadays the professors in our colleges would do well to be addressed simply as "Mr. Smith," "Mr. Jones," the title "Professor" being no longer distinctive.

A short time ago, as I walked through the hall leading to my boarding-house bedroom, I was surprised to see the door open and a man on his knees in the corner. I inquired of the chambermaid why he was there.

"O, he's all right," she answered. "He's Prof. Wilkins."

Prof. Wilkins! Had the man suddenly gone mad, or had he discovered some new specimen of animated nature in my department?

"Why did you bring him up here?" I asked. "I always wish to have callers wait for me in the parlor."

"O," giggled the girl, "what would he be in the parlor for? He's Prof. Wilkins, the mouse man. Some of the boarders complained there was mice in the house, and he's looking for them!"

When I interviewed Prof. Wilkins, he informed me that he was a professor of rodentology, and I found that his mind really had a scientific turn.

On the register of a hotel in a western town I read: "Prof. Pekkins and staff." A geological survey was in progress. Probably, I reflected, Prof. Pekkins was conducting it.

That night, through the transom of my door, I heard an unusually penetrating voice instructing a class, but the subject was not geology. The stranger was giving points to his agents on setting forth the merits of a certain soap.

The principal point was the purity of the ingredients. The oil used was of such quality that in the soap factory, at the lunch hour, the operatives left the butter provided for them, preferring to dip their bread in the sweet and delicate oil. This was no reflection on the butter, which was the best creamery.

I was so interested in this stranger that I inquired of the clerk: "Who has the room opposite mine?"

"Prof. Pekkins and two of his staff."

Prof. Pekkins was a professor of savonology!

Prof. Null, tonsorial artist, lives across the border.—Kate Field's Washington.

To Be Paid in Time.

Excited Man—I must have a hundred dollars. Can't you lend it to me?

Cool Friend—Oh, certainly, but not all at once. I can let you have five or ten cents every two or three weeks.—Texas Siftings.

—Very Pleasant.—Under the espionage of the gallant and witty cashier, a party of ladies were going through the vaults of a big Detroit bank and gazing with awe at the wads of wealth stored therein. "My," exclaimed one of the party as they came out into the corridor, "how chilly it is." "Naturally," smiled the courteous cashier, with a bow, "there's a cool million in there."—Detroit Free Press.

—"That's a curious paradox," said Hicks. "What is?" queried Hawkins. "Offer a timid man affront, and he'll be taken aback."—Harper's Bazar.

—Strawber—"Doctor, I haven't been able to keep anything on my stomach for a week." Dr. Probe—"System all run down, eh? What you need is a sea voyage." Strawber (turning still paler) —"A sea voyage? Great heavens! I only arrived from Europe this morning."—N. Y. Sun.

—"Mamma," inquired an inquisitive youngster, "how old am I?" "If you live till your next birthday," she answered, "you'll be five years old." He studied the proposition some time. "Well," he asked, at last, "how old will I be if I don't live?"

AUTOCRAT IS GONE

Last of America's Galaxy of Great Writers Passes Away.

Brief Sketch of the Career of Oliver Wendell Holmes—His Poems, Memoirs and Other Works—His Triumph in Europe.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose death occurred at Boston October 7, was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. He used to say that he "sneaked in" with Longfellow, Lincoln and other famous men which that memorable year gave to the world. His father was the celebrated Yale tutor, Rev. Abiel Holmes, and his grandfather, Capt. David Holmes, served both in the French and Indian and in the revolutionary wars. The family came to America in 1686, when John Holmes settled in Woodstock, Conn. He first enjoyed the common school advantages of New England boys, having as his companions in Cambridge Margaret Fuller, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., and others who attained to eminence in letters. Entering Phillips academy, Andover, he prepared himself to enter Harvard college, distinguishing himself for his metrical rendition of the first book of the Æneid. In college he was associated with William H. Channing, James Freeman Clarke and others who afterward became famous. He was graduated in 1829. During his collegiate career he was known for his literary abilities, contributed liberally to the college publications and wrote poems for college events. In 1830, when it was proposed to destroy the old frigate Constitution, Holmes wrote his poem beginning: "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down," which immediately gave him great reputation as a poet. He studied law in Cambridge and produced a number of humorous poems, which contributed to his celebrity. Being attracted to the profession of medicine, he spent several years in Paris, and in 1836 received his degree. In 1839 he was chosen for professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth college, and the next year married Amelia Lee, daughter of Justice Charles Jackson, of the supreme court of Massachusetts. Relinquishing his

Oliver Wendell Holmes

professorship at Dartmouth he began the practice of medicine in Boston. In 1849, removing to Pittsfield, Mass., he became acquainted with Hawthorne, and their association is commemorated in the "Hall of Phantasy," in which the novelist described Holmes as the "most vivacious" of an ideal group of poets. In 1847 he succeeded Dr. John C. Warren in the Harvard medical school and became a lyceum lecturer.

His first book of poems was published in Boston in 1836. It contained forty-five pieces, including some of those which established his fame as a humorist and reenforced his reputation as a popular poet. Soon after his accession to the Harvard professorship he published a volume of medical essays, including three which had won for him the Boylston prizes, and his position as a scientific writer was assured. Between 1838 and 1883 he successively added valuable essays and monographs to his scientific productions, and many of them have taken their places as classics in medical literature. The establishment of the Atlantic Monthly in 1857 afforded a medium for the work upon which the literary fame of Dr. Holmes was securely founded: "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," conversational papers, including some of the noblest poems and finest wisdom and humor of the author. "The Professor of the Breakfast Table" next appeared, followed in course by "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." In 1861 "Elsie Venner," the first of Dr. Holmes' ventures into the realm of fiction, appeared, and in 1868 "The Guardian Angel." Their success was not comparable with that which met the Breakfast Table series, and they are prized chiefly as examples of character analysis rather than for their dramatic force or constructive merit.

His works of a biographical nature were the memoirs of John Lothrop Motley and of Ralph Waldo Emerson, published in 1879 and in 1884. Of his poems "The Chambered Nautilus" was his own favorite, and by general consent one of the consummate lyrics of the language. Of his satirical poems "The Moral Bully" and of the humorous pieces "The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay" are classics. His fame as a "poet of occasions" is world-wide, and almost every poem produced for a special function has taken rank with his more studied works.

In 1886 Dr. Holmes went to Europe to be received with the utmost enthusiasm and hospitality everywhere. Andrew Lang, writing in the London Daily News, contrasted the cordiality of Dr. Holmes' reception with the apathy with which almost any other American writer would have been received and added:

"Even our people, though incurious, have heard of Dr. Holmes. He is now what in another man might be called past his first youth. He remembers what we fear must still be called the great age of American literature, the age of Longfellow, Bryant, Poe, Prescott and the other poets, journalists and historians of that day. He has lived with that generation; he is as a Nestor among us."

—Personal liberty is the right to act without interference within the limits of law.—J. Oerter.